

The Times-Dispatch

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BY MAIL. One Six Three One
 POSTAGE PAID Year, Mo. Mo. Mo.
 Daily with Sunday.....\$10.00 \$10.00 \$10.00
 Daily without Sunday.....4.00 2.00 1.00
 Sunday edition only.....2.00 1.00 .50
 Weekly (Wednesday).....1.00 .50 .25

By Three-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg.....One Week
 Daily with Sunday.....15 cents
 Daily without Sunday.....10 cents
 Sunday only.....6 cents

Entered January 27, 1905, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SUNDAY, MAY 19, 1912.

ESPRIT-DE-CORPS.

A nice puzzle in triangular ethics is occupying the attention of most Americans this morning. Politics and other fancy themes have been dropped for the settlement of the serious question as to whether the player, the fan or the game is the most important part of baseball. The other day one Ty Cobb, who is the most famous man in the United States because he is the best baseball player, let his hot Southern head get away from him under a trade of personal abuse from a vindictive fan. Cobb jumped into the stand and proceeded to readjust the features of his villain, with a little basic massage applied according to the good old Georgia receipt. Then Ben Johnson, dictator of the American League, let fall the mailed fist and suspended Cobb indefinitely. His fellow players on the Detroit team felt that Cobb had been justified in his resentment against personal abuse, and decided to go on a strike until he was reinstated. They are now trying to form a union among all the players for the purpose of putting an end to the gentle habit of hitting visiting teams by ardent rooters.

Everybody seems right in this affair except the fan who started the trouble. Certainly it is no part of the privilege granted a spectator by his admission fee to apply disgraceful personal epithets in a cowardly manner to a man who is prevented by his position from replying in any way. If Cobb's side of the case is true, red-blooded individuals will feel anything but sympathy for him. Yet professional baseball is so ticklish a thing that anything less than an iron sternness on the part of the authorities will speedily result in disorder and mutiny among a class of men of vigorous physical strength, almost by their calling trained to fight and fight hard. The efforts of Mr. Johnson to make the national game a clean, decent sport, free from all rowdiness and bellicosity and bad sportsmanship, have done more to put the big leagues in their present high place than any other one thing. The cleanliness of the sport is its chief asset. Any laxness will mean retrogression. Yet the feeling among the players that they have personal rights which should be protected is perfectly just. Each year sees a finer and quieter set of skilled athletes on the ball fields. Most of them are gentlemen in the best sense. They stand much abuse with a remarkable self-control.

President Johnson's action is probably best for the game. And it is to be hoped that the players will wait for an amicable adjustment of the trouble. But a certain outcome of their rebellion should be the enforcement of some regulation among the fans that will make them as good sportsmen and as decent men as the players have shown themselves to be.

CULTURE IN TRYON, N. C.

After Richmond, what is the most cultured town in the world? Why Tryon, North Carolina, of course! Compared to this Pantheon of the Blue Ridge, Boston is a mere hinterland of illiterate Philistines and Indiana a way station on the royal road to learning, where, as Booth Tarkington feelingly says, there are many bright young men, and the brighter they are, the younger do they leave Indiana in search of civilization. But Tryon, loveliest village of the plain living and high-thinking, is the highest-bred community in the land; it had to get up on top of the mountains to have room for the projecting domes of its inhabitants. We hate to hurt New England this way, but here is the plain truth about Tryon, per se: it is a place of pride. In proportion to population, this town has a higher average of intelligence and more men and women of note in the literary world than any other place in America.

Anybody can see how literary Tryon is from the simplicity and restraint of its opinions. It has only 500 inhabitants, but every one of them is a genius of some kind. To begin with, part of the glory of the town is that Elmer Lanier spent some of his life there and left upon it the impress of his beautiful spirit. Then dwelling there now are William Gillette and George Broadhurst, two of the leading playwrights of America; a son of Ralph Waldo Emerson (a renegade from the land of Mayflower fiction to the land of Mayflower fact), a brother of Charles Dudley Warner, two famous surgeons, authors, a Ladies Home Journal novelist, and the literary editor of the Chicago Tribune; Frank Brown, editor of The Dial; a Miss Edith Garfield, portrait painter, and Louis Wilcox and Louis Rowell, landscape artists, and the rest of the noble 500, whose achievements are so remote and lofty that common people don't even know what they are about.

The point of all this is that artists are beginning to wake up to the fact

that in their own country there is a region of surpassing beauty of scenery and wonderful air and climate. They do not have to expatriate themselves and wander along the Riviera to find the beauty and quiet that they need for creative inspiration. It is right here in the Southland, in any one of a half dozen States. These cultured people have traveled all over the world and finally decided that Tryon is good enough for them; and it is, because, for lovely and pleasant surroundings and fine hospitable friends, there isn't any place like the South on the whole wide globe. We are glad artists are finding out where the real home for art is in this land. That the Southern air or scenery or something is conducive to beauty has been proved long enough by the poetry and fiction written by natives of the section. Others are thirsty for a draught of the same Pierian spring. We welcome them to Tryon, and we also welcome them to Richmond, which, as the wise men know, is the real literary center of America.

THE SOCIALIST STEAM ROLLER.

The most striking thing in the Socialist convention that has just nominated Debs as the party presidential candidate was the admirable steam-rolling of Haywood and his independent Workers of the World. This organization represents the American development of the French syndicalism. It is the "red" minority in the Socialist party, as opposed to the more conservative and scholarly "yellow" element that now controls its destinies. It believes in industrial revolution instead of the slower methods of political action. Its theory is to unite all the laboring men of the country in one gigantic union of industrial workers, without regard to the divisions of trade unions. Under its banner are joined all the malcontents and radicals who are eager for direct action at any cost.

It is a rather strange thing to conceive of the but lately feared Socialist acting as a check and safeguard against a rampant class feeling. Yet this is practically what the defeat of the resolution to endorse "direct action" methods in the party platform means. The same idealists are not ready to plunge the whole industrial life of the nation into a series of huge and costly strikes, aimed not so much at bettering local conditions as at asserting the fundamental power of mere brute force.

The nomination of Debs and Stidel represents the choice of a middle-ground ticket. They are more or less acceptable to each faction. Their only duty will be to run. And the number of votes they receive will be largely determined, not by the actual number of convinced Socialists in the land, but by the type of men selected as standard-bearers by the dominant parties. The Socialist vote apparently only grows as the radicals and insurgents of all classes use this means of expressing dissatisfaction with the candidates and policies advanced by Democrats and Republicans. The sole vital significance of socialism is that it voices a protest.

RECALLING WASHINGTON'S WARNING.

In an interesting connection, the London Spectator refers to and draws a moral from the warning of Washington to his countrymen against "entangling alliances." It says that it has no desire that Italy should draw from the triple alliance, but, on the contrary, remembering that peace is "the greatest of British interests," it desires that she should remain therein. How continuance of Italy in the alliance bears upon "the greatest of British interests" the Spectator explains by pointing out that when there is danger on a great scale Italy unquestionably acts as a drag net upon her chief partner, Germany; and, in conjunction with Austria-Hungary, tends "to restrain bellicose aspirations in the direction of Russia, of France or of Britain."

Undoubtedly here the Spectator must be credited with a frank confession of Great Britain's cold-blooded disposition to regard other nations as mere pawns in her own game of self-interest. Italy has special reason to be aware of that disposition. Notably, consciousness of it was impressed upon her by British encouragement of her venture in the Red Sea littoral. But this apart, our London contemporary can none the less understand that at the present juncture many thoughtful Italians must at heart be "cursing the triple alliance," and recalling Washington's memorable deliverance. And why?

Having laid down the irrefutable proposition that under modern conditions, when war prevails, every sound statesman, for humanitarian, economic and financial reasons, must feel the deepest anxiety to get it finished as soon as possible, the Spectator argues that consequently all farsighted Italian statesmen must be exceedingly anxious to bring the war with Turkey to a close. But continues the Spectator, you cannot bring a war to a close unless you have a free hand in dealing with your enemy. "This, however, Italy has not got, and she has not got it because of her alliance with Germany and Austria-Hungary." Her commitments to these two powers, it reasons, prevent her from being mistress of her own fate.

Our contemporary opines that Germany, so far as she is personally concerned, no doubt, does not care where or how Turkey is hit; but, it adds, Austria-Hungary does care very much, and Germany in the matter is bound to use all her influence in the alliance to support Austria-Hungary. The Spectator then proceeds to ride both sides of the sapling in the hedging observation that "it may be that the entanglement is worth while or unavoidable, but, from a military point of

view, an entanglement it certainly is." Yet, when the article is read between the lines, it cannot but be regarded as deeply significant of change of British attitude towards Turkey, and the whole nearer East question, in truth. Beneath much of the article's cloak-and-daggering and wiring in and wiring out is justified more than suspicion that Great Britain also no longer cares personally "where or how" Turkey is hit. Negatively, at least as reflecting British popular sentiment, it serves notice that Great Britain would hardly feel constrained to throw any serious obstacle in the way of Italy's hands being untied. Moreover it is full of stimulus to Russia to make good her tentative promise to Italy to come to the armed support of the latter should Italian invasion of the Turkish mainland in Europe be found necessary, and occasion require such support.

On the whole, the Spectator would seem to voice a drift of a public thought in Great Britain calculated to cause Austria-Hungary to consider gravely whether it would not be to her own "greatest interest" to impart elasticity to the bonds by which she holds Italy, and give her a free hand to become mistress of her fate in dealing with the Turk. As it is, and whatever other impressions the Spectator would seek to convey by indirection or implication, it throws squarely upon Vienna the moral responsibility of the prolongation of the war; it places Austria-Hungary in the position of presenting the chief barrier to Turkey's endeavoring to find a way to treat with Italy, and of running the risk of inviting Russo-Italian co-operation, that might, and probably, would, set the whole of the Balkans aflame.

For the obvious deduction is that with the removal of the Austro-Hungarian handicap and Great Britain now comparatively indifferent to the destiny of the Ottoman power in Europe, it is almost inconceivable that Turkey could not be induced to come to terms. It would appear to be deliberately flying in the face of certain destruction not to do so.

THE ASCENDING CHRIST.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)
 "And a cloud received Him out of their sight."—Acts 1, 9. "Then we which were alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord."—1 Thess. 4, 17.

Last Thursday was Ascension Day, and these two texts contain the story of the ascension. The first text describes the fact of Christ's departure; the second tells us what His departure is to be to His servants; how even in that last and crowning experience of life we are to have some fellowship with Him. We cannot follow this wonderful event in all its details; we have to rest upon the mere fact of His departure in some way unlike the old familiar way of death. It could not be that once having died and then risen from the dead He should at last, by a new death, have yielded to the power which He seemed to have subdued; it could not be that again living among men He should just live on forever, so never letting His ministry pass beyond the imperfection of the visible. And so there came a disappearance that was not death; a disappearance strange and mysterious, but not more wonderful than had been the life and character of Him who so departed.

It is not, then, the physical meaning of the ascension of Christ, but its spiritual side, that we wish to speak of to-day. For the three and thirty years that He walked on earth He gave to His disciples a new and divine light for even the commonest things. The fishing nets, the water jars, the baked bread, all seemed to be warm from the hands of God with His divine touch. But still the soul of His followers, even after the resurrection, clung to lower forms. Then came the ascension, and His disciples and friends had to lift their eyes and lift their hearts, and with this act the greater life of their souls with Him, yet keeping all the intimacy of their earthly intercourse, began. Is not that human striving upward something perpetual? At first God seems to us very dim and far away. Then comes the blessed revelation of the Gospel. Christ, the incarnate Son of God, tells us that God our Father is not far away. He teaches us that all that interests us interests Him. He encourages us to lay our most homely burdens at His feet. The merchant, the laborer, the school boy, the frightened and oppressed man or woman can all cry to God and know that their appeal will not go unregarded. This is the glory of the Incarnation—the intimate, personal God. But is there is no danger? Do we not often tend to make this nearness of God a mere means for dealing with our cares and problems in the lower walks? By the well of Samaria a woman cried to the Saviour: "Sir, give me this water that you speak of, so that I need not come hither to draw." And His disciples asked Him to make them kings in His earthly kingdom, and the same narrow view besets us still. Some see in Christ the safeguard of government, or the Giver of daily bread; another believer can never get his thought of Jesus large enough to transcend his own little set of denominational. Now, all these believers are using Christ in His lower offices. As a father gives his children bread and waits for the day when they shall ask him for knowledge, for sympathy, for hope, for inspiration and for strength to meet temptations, so Jesus gives us friends and health and happiness, and waits anxiously to see when we shall desire holiness, divine unselfishness and communion with Himself.

Had Jesus never passed into the heavens, can we imagine anything but that the lower uses of His life would have usurped men's attentions? But now the ascension came. It did not break the spell of the Incarnation, but it taught mankind that when we cannot find God visible to our human eyes on this earth, we must go forth to seek Him with our souls in the heavens where He is.

Is there not something that corresponds to this and lets us understand it in the history of every friendship which has grown strong and familiar here upon the earth, and then has been stretched by the death of one of the friends until it reaches all the way from earth to heaven and bridges all the gulf between? You used to see your friend every day. You talked with him of little things. You knew familiar over trifles. The fields under your feet, the merchandise that passed from hand to hand, interpreted you to each other. And then death came, and none of that treasured familiarity is lost in all the years that have passed since you looked into his face for the last time. He is as near to you as ever. He is in the same way, but greater. He is as real, but far more lofty. He has not ceased to meet you on the earth, but now you also must meet him in the air, and so he influences both the least and the greatest part of you.

Let us try if we are really Christians, who believe that Christ our Lord has "ascended into heaven," to enter into His heavenly life by the largeness and loftiness of the prayers that we bring to Him. God forbid that we should so misread His exaltation that we should hesitate to ask Him for the very smallest things; but the things that belong to our peace are what He wants to give us. The things that make this world and its interests seem small when we think of them; the forgiveness of sin, the perfect purification of our souls, the driving out of selfishness, the disregard of comfort in pursuit of duty, the care for brethren more than for ourselves; not comfort, not spiritual rest nor freedom from pain here or hereafter—not these, but the chance, the power, the will to glorify God our Father in our lives, as He, the perfect Son, did in His—this we may ask if we believe in the ascension and have understood the heavenly life of Him who is still our Brother and Saviour.

Another suggestion which comes to us with the story of the ascension of Jesus is that of the true association of our humanity with the vastness of the universe. The resurrection had shown that humanity might relieve here upon the earth, even after the catastrophe of death, that seems so terribly the end of all. The ascension showed that out beyond the earth, wherever the vast system of existence is held as a unit in the hand of one Creator who is Lord of all; out to the end of all things over which God reigns, this humanity, which seems to be shut in to one small planet, may go and find a home and kindred beyond the farthest star.

No man can fully comprehend all this without the whole aspect and thought of death being changed to him. For a human being to go out from this earth is a dreadful thing if it is only with the earth that humanity has any known relation. No wonder that he would rather fret himself against the wharf than cast adrift upon a sea that has no other shore. But now let us believe in the ascension. Once a human being, the best and complete of all human beings that have ever lived, the human being whose humanity was perfect by its very union with Divinity, has gone, still human, out of the sight of men—gone, evidently, all alive. We cannot trace His course. The cloud received Him. But yet we know that somewhere out beyond the limits of our little earth that true humanity of His has found a home. For His humanity has claimed its place in the great universe. The humanity of Jesus has gone before and makes the vast unknown not unfamiliar. Around our thought of our thoughts of the men we have seen die, our thoughts of our own coming deaths, can gather into confidence and calmness.

All this the ascension does for us. "A cloud received Him out of their sight." Into mystery and a darkness to which His going there alone gives any true light our Saviour goes. But, oh, my friends, when by and by our way leads also into mystery and darkness, when truth becomes covered with doubt and joy with sadness, and life begins to feel the waiting death, what can help us like the faith of the ascended Jesus? The way into the cloud may be a way up and not a way down. A way toward Him and not a way from Him. Doubt, sorrow, death—these may be, these to the true soul must be, like the clouds over the Mount of Olives through which the Son of God went up to the right hand of His Father. "We which remain shall be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another—comfort yourselves, too, comfort and strengthen yourselves and one another—"with these words."

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ties interested, and the tribunal was expected to accept the testimony as proof positive of death at the time stated.

While the court found for the petitioner, it very wisely declined to state how far it had been influenced by this extremely exceptional and unusual kind of legal proof.

Although it is not often that a court of justice has to deal with a question of spook, I can recall several recent cases in which supernatural visitors have prominently figured. One was the famous case where Mr. Scott Hall, who purchased Cummer Hall from the Earl of Abington, brought suit for the annulment of the sale for the alleged reason that he had bought Cummer Hall on the express understanding that the ghost of Amy Robsart "walked" there regularly, and as he had waited two years without seeing her, he considered that he had been "done," and the court declined to take cognizance of Mr. Hall's allegations, and for Mr. Scott Hall had to be contented with Cummer Hall minus a ghost.

On the other hand, the well known English playwright and poet, Stephen Phillips, was sued by a young landlady, who complained that Phillips had depreciated the value of his house, a new one, by saying that it haunted.

As these visitations are traditionally supposed to be the result of some tragedy, a structure recently erected and so soon "haunted" must necessarily be the scene of a recent and therefore a vulgar and commonplace crime, for no romance to recommend it. All persons who are superstitious and otherwise, would object to live in such a house, the landlady contended.

The death, from scarlet fever, of the eldest son of Prince Henry XXVII. of Reuss, rendered it opportune for me to allude once more to the puzzling way in which Princess of Reuss named and numbered, especially when it is mentioned that the young man who has just died is Prince Henry XXIII. of Reuss. The interval of fifteen numbers between father and son does not seem that the younger prince had fifteen elder brothers, but that all the male members of his branch, count, etc., are numbered in the order of their birth. Prince Henry, the son of Henry, followed by a Roman numeral, the custom dates from the fifteenth century.

In 1701, each of the two houses, Reuss-Greiz and Reuss-Schwarzburg, started out with a fresh series of numbers. The elder branch, Reuss-Greiz, has not been very prolific. Therefore the numbering has gone on in unbroken sequence, the last of the line being Prince Henry XXVII. But the younger branch, Reuss-Schwarzburg, has been so numerous that a special rule had to be made, to begin a fresh series of numbers with each century. There were no less than forty-seven Princes Henry of Reuss-Greiz born in the nineteenth century, and the two sons of Prince Henry XXVII. being numbered respectively XXVIII. and XXIX., the numbering started a new set of numbers, being Prince Henry I. The name thus selected and adhered to by all the male members of the house is in memory of Emperor Henry VI. of Germany, who conferred upon the family their sovereignty, seven centuries ago.

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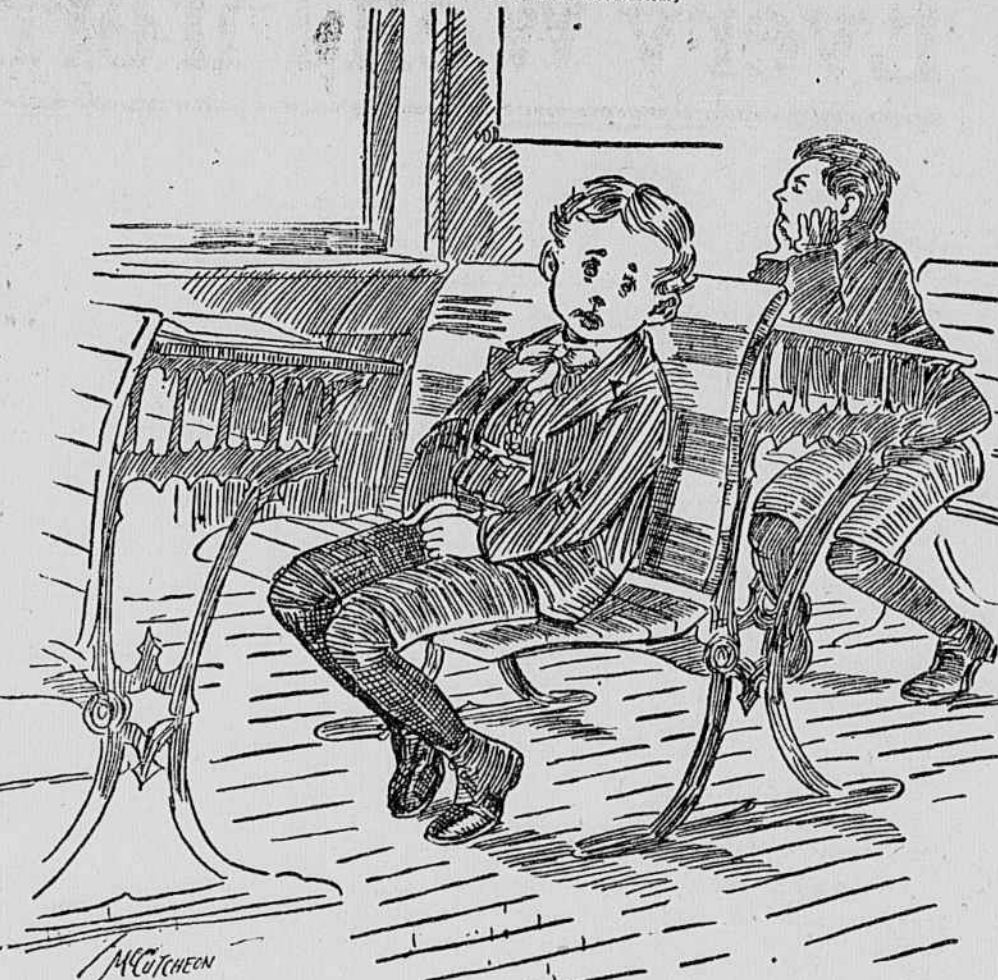
Let Virginia Judge Manuscripts. To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—In your brief article that appearing in the issue of to-day touching the manuscript of the Virginia, I am indebted to the State of Virginia, and recently catalogued for sale as a part of the library of the late Benson J. Lossing, the final upshot of his dispute was an agreement to adjudicate the manuscript to the State of Virginia. I read: "It is the Governor's expressed desire that Virginia's representative shall buy a manuscript from without the State in order that there may be no suspicion of favoritism in case the manuscript is declared to be the property of Virginia." I trust that His Excellency will see fit to change his determination. My understanding is that Virginia is to appoint one commissioner, the losing estate another, and that these will select the third.

Virginia has within her borders apart from Dr. H. R. Melville and Dr. Eckenrode, of the State Library, who would be interested in three men whose minute knowledge of manuscript covering the times of those now in dispute, is unrivaled: William G. Sinar, secretary of the Virginia His-

GEE! I WONDER HOW SOON RECESS IS.

By John T. McCutcheon.

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LORD DUNSANY ADDS TO GALLANT RECORD

Plunges Into Lake in Attempt to Save Life of a Servant.

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

THAT genuine Irish peer, Lord Dunsany, who has just added another laurel to his gallant record by plunging into the Serpentine Lake in Hyde Park, and repeatedly diving, in the effort to save the life of a servant, a footman, not giving up the attempt until thoroughly exhausted, is the head of the well known house of Plunkett, which settled in Ireland prior to the Norman Conquest. Hence my allusion to him as being genuinely Irish.

A soldier by profession, he served throughout the war in South Africa, as a Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, being present at Belmont, Graspan, Modder River and Magersfontein. He is thirty-four years old, married to Lady Leticia Child Villiers, youngest daughter of the seventh Earl of Jersey, and has her little six year old boy, Lord Dunsany is the eldest with his peerage, which was created by Henry VI. in 1432.

Besides being a son of Mars, Lord Dunsany is an author and playwright, his productions giving evidence of a most exquisite fancy, as may be gathered from some of the titles, for instance, "The Gods of the Mountain," "Time and the Gods," and "A Dreamer's Tales." As well as the play entitled "The Guttering Light," which was described by a characteristc as "strange and horrible."

If any American theatrical manager is desirous of placing upon the boards something that will thrill his audience, and cause even his content to seem to him that he could not do better than commission Lord Dunsany to "do his thing" at the Haymarket, in London, a short piece of his called "The Gods of the Mountain" was produced in the East, and deals with the adventures of seven beggars, who, becoming weary of the hardships and poor pay returns of their chosen profession, listen to the schemes of one of their number, and decide to impersonate the seven "Gods of the Mountain." The simple villages are at first incredulous, and spurn the claims of the seven mendicants; but at last, persuaded by their cunning arguments, that the Gods have really condescended to appear among them in beggars' dress and are about to offer appropriate know-tows and sacrifices, when the real Gods appear, denounce the impostors, and as a punishment for their impious fraud, turn them into stone statues. The idea and the dialogue are masterpieces in their way, and the effect produced is strange and impressive.

Lord Dunsany has a copious vocabulary, and a command of picturesque and inclusive language which he does not fail to use with effect when provoked. On one notable occasion in a British parliamentary election speech, he caused a stir at Berlin by alluding to the German Emperor as a "homeliad maniac lusting for war." On another occasion he exasperated the London police, having had his pocket picked, by his watch, he notified the Bow Street officers, whose investigations led to the recovery of the chronometer. But Lord Dunsany was not altogether satisfied with the way in which he had conducted the case, and criticized the officers concerned so caustically that they became incensed, and the Police Department applied to the Home Office for permission to bring an action for libel against Lord Dunsany.

The name of the Plunkett figures in English and Norman state records still in existence, dating from the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Lord Dunsany is a nephew of that Sir Horace Plunkett, who has done so much to develop agricultural industry, and who, being possessed of a large ranch and of extensive interests in the United States, is a frequent visitor here. Lady Dunsany's father, Lord Jersey, practically owned the City Bank, which facts what was once Temple Bar, the western boundary and former entrance gate to the city of London.

That in this twentieth century, when science and inventiveness are making such rapid progress, the world is not altogether materialistic, is strikingly shown every now and then. Even so proverbially hard-headed a people as the Scotch have a deep and wide touch of mysticism left. For in a recent case before the sheriff's court at Dumfries, evidence was given seriously, and in minute detail, of the appearance of a ghost to the vision of one of the part-

ties interested, and the tribunal was expected to accept the testimony as proof positive of death at the time stated.